job they had to offer, but after looking for a long while they discovered that all of the really first-class lawyers in the city had conscientious objections against investigating so rich and powerful a possible client. The committee was beginning to be pretty well discouraged when some one mentioned a lawyer named Hughes, who was said to be really very able, though almost unknown. So Hughes was employed.

A howl went up from the newspapers. "Whitewash," they cried, "just a whitewash. Unknown lawyer. Worse than that, a Baptist—and John D. Rockefeller is a Baptist. Just a frame-up to conduct a fake investigation and give the company a clean bill of health."

Hughes said nothing. He had several cartloads of records and ledgers sent over from the company's offices to his office, and for several weeks he lived with those figures, eating them, drinking them, absorbing them into his blood. And when the investigation opened New York was treated to such an entertainment as it had never known. Hughes made those figures tell a tale of carnival and corruption that read like fiction. "The man is a wizard," said the same newspapers that had scoffed at him. But it wasn't wizardy: it was simply work.

AFTER the gas investigation came the insurance investigation. Again Hughes took a deluge of figures, and when the overlords of the insurance world were put on the stand one after another, he amazed them by the things he knew. Out of those investigations grew a new order of things in the industrial world. Secret meetings and cabals, and the bribery of legislators, and the mishandling of the people's investments by little coteries of irresponsible men, began to give way. Business began to be done in the open, and great offices came to be regarded as great trusts.

I came back from the Chicago convention this year and met a prominent man in New York who once had large holdings in one of the insurance companies Hughes investigated. He had been a supporter of Roosevelt for the nomination, and I expected to find him much disappointed at the outcome. He appeared entirely reconciled.

"I wanted Teddy, to be sure," he said; "but I want to tell you that they have nominated a *real man*. I went all through that insurance investigation. Those were pretty bitter days. But when the investigation was all over there wasn't a man in any one of those companies that wasn't Hughes' friend, except those that were crooks at heart. And most of them are now dead. He is as straight as they make 'em, and he simply don't know how to be unjust."

While the investigations were going on, the Republicans in New York City, needing help desperately, reached out for Hughes as a possible savior and offered him the mayoralty. His letter in reply is worth quoting:

> I have no right to accept this nomination. A paramount public duty forbids it. . . . The non-political character of the investigation and its freedom from bias, either of fear or favor, not only must exist: they must be recognized. I can not permit them by any action of mine to become matters of debate.

So he refused the mayoralty. But a year later the Republicans of the State were in just as desperate need. His investigations were ended—his name was on every tongue. He was their one chance to defeat Hearst and to win. In a convention that swallowed him at the behest of its leaders like a bitter pill, he was nominated.

> I shall accept the nomination without pledge [he wrote], other than to do my duty according to my conscience. If elected it will be my ambition to give the State a clean, sane, efficient and honorable administration, free from the taint of bossism or of servitude to any private interest.

The convention received the message with all the enthusiasm of condemned men listening to the hammer at work on a gallows.

THE story of Hughes as Governor has been so often written as to be still fresh in the public mind. He had hardly settled himself in Albany before the bosses discovered that something had happened more terrible than they had even dreamed. The back stairs leading to the Governor's office were nailed up; Hughes moved his desk out into the big outer office, and every one who had business with the Governor was compelled to do it there with the sun shining in on all four sides. He made his appointments without asking the leave of any political leader, and they were efficient appointments. He urged progressive measures on the legislators, and when they balked, he went over their heads and appealed directly to the people. He gave the departments at Albany such a house-cleaning as they had never known. He vetoed more bills than any Governor since Grover Cleveland—297 vetoes in one session—and it apparently did not make a particle of difference to him whether his vetoes were popular, as many of them were, or exceedingly unpopular, such as his veto of the two-cent rate law. Was the law just? Was it well thought out? Was it needed? Would it do the work intended? These were his tests. They were new tests in Albany. My friend John Kendrick Bangs summed up the popular conception of his administration at the time in a verse that deserves reprinting:

> O woe is me! O woe is us,
> That it should come to pass
> That gum shoe King Politicus
> Should go at last to grass.
> It is the dee dash darn dest thing
> That ever we did see—
> A Governor a-governing
> At ancient Albanee.

As I have studied the man and his record, three characteristics stand out preëminently:

His fairness. It has become to him, not second nature, but first, to get the facts and to face them squarely and decide upon them, no matter what the decision may mean to his own fortunes or the fortunes of any of those who may be close to him. This constitutes in him a very unpleasant weakness from the standpoint of those who have axes to grind; but the common people, who must trust him with their affairs at long distance, are not likely to regard it so. A machine politician expressed it more succinctly and forcibly than I can. He had come away from Albany disappointed. Hughes had turned down his little scheme.

"You can't do business with a fellow like that!" he exclaimed in disgust. "He don't know the first principles of politics. Why, the damn fool does right all the time."

The second characteristic that impresses me is his passion for efficiency. Criticism doesn't worry him, because he puts into every piece of work the very best that he can possibly deliver at that time. If any personal friend, any personal pleasure, gets in the way of the proper performance of the job, out with him or it. He found, sitting on the Supreme bench at Washington all day long, that his mind was more active in the afternoon than in the morning. He concluded that his favorite after-breakfast cigar must be the cause, and so, without hesitation, though not without regret, he gave up cigars.

He was on pins and needles at Albany until he could get into the State departments men who would do their work as it ought to be done and instil efficiency into the men under them. Through long, lonesome years, when nobody ever heard of him, he was drilling himself to do each day's job to the very best of his ability. And the habit is on him—he could not break it if he would. He is as efficient an individual as it is given a finite being to be.

And, finally, there is his tremendous appetite for work. Those dreary tomes of insurance data were wine and women and song to him. He loves work, and he can digest an amount of it that would overwhelm most men, even big men.

"Life is only work—then more work—and then more work."

Those are his own words. They help to explain the unspoiled simplicity of his family in the face of great honor. New honors, he has taught them, mean only the opportunity for new and bigger work. They help to explain the reason why a great party has turned to him three times for help, bringing each time a nomination he would not turn over his hand to get. They help to give a picture of Charles Evans Hughes as he sees himself.

LAST week I published an article entitled "A Visit to the President," which was frankly friendly to Mr. Wilson.

This article on Mr. Hughes is frankly friendly to him. I wanted to give each candidate a chance to put his best foot forward.

It is not my business to make up the mind of any reader of this magazine. Some readers, however, may be interested in the following questions, which I have set down as a help to myself in making up my own mind:

1. Assuming that the two men are equally able, equally conscientious, and equally sincere, which man, judged by his record, is most likely to gather strong men around him in the administration of our affairs through these next four critical years?

2. The Vice-President has usually been considered a zero in our Presidential campaigns. We can not afford so to regard him this year. Several Presidents have died or been assassinated in office. We can not run the risk at this particular juncture of having the government devolve upon a weak and incapable man. If death were to come to President Wilson or Mr. Hughes, which is the abler man to be intrusted with the nation—Mr. Marshall or Mr. Fairbanks?

3. Both parties promise pretty much the same things. Which party, judged by its record, is most likely to make good its promises, to give us an efficient and really worthy administration?

4. Apart from its effect on our own internal affairs, what will be the effect around the world of the reëlection of President Wilson or the election of Mr. Hughes? This election must do more than give us efficiency in Washington. It must serve notice on the world that the United States is a nation, not a mere conglomeration of peoples, a nation unhyphenated, self-reliant, just, seeking peace and service, but determined not to be treated lightly in any corner of the earth, not to surrender one iota of its rights.

Which man will, by his selection, be taken to mean *that* to the world?

A Letter from One of Our Women Readers

DEAR EDITOR: The other day a dear little woman said to me, "You look so well, and you seem to grow young instead of old. How do you do it?" And I gave her my slogan: Walk, laugh, and drink water.

There is no better recipe for health and happiness. We all know it, but habit and carelessness stand in our way, and we lack the energy to overcome them. Get out in the open, whether it be December or June, and walk. See things and feel things, and know the joy of living.

Don't be afraid of rain or snow, or even a little blizzard. A brisk walk on a stormy day is worth quarts of tonic.

Don't be a slave to your home and family, or to your business. You are worth more to your friends if you take the time to see the wonderful life going on all about you.

I have passed the fifty mark in years, but I walk from five to ten miles five days of the week.

Sometimes I walk along the beautiful residence streets of my city; sometimes I go down to the river, where the shipping and pleasure boats are a source of endless interest to me; or maybe I go over to our beautiful island park, Belle Isle, and walk around it. A couple of times a week, in the early morning, I walk two miles to a big outdoor market, and buy direct from the farmers and their families; and it is one of the most enjoyable as well as profitable things I do. If all housewives went to market there would be less complaint about the high cost of living.

I often ride out to the suburbs, then take long country walks. I even like to walk in our foreign settlements, for they bring to mind many a delightful tramp I have taken in some of their native countries.

And I *see* things while walking—beautiful, happy, interesting, instructive things—which I remember and talk about. If I see something sorrowful, and can do nothing to better it, I forget it.

"But," says the busy housekeeper, "I haven't time to walk; and, besides, I am too tired when I finish my work."

Much of her work is unnecessary. While we may enjoy eating a big dinner all the way from bouillon to coffee, physically and financially we would be better off with only two or three things at each meal.

It is this endless variety, ever tempting us to overload our poor overworked stomachs, and the lack of exercise in the fresh air, which is the most prolific cause of ill health.

A Reader.